

Modern Life, January 31st, 1914.

THE GOD OF DELICACY, page 933.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

King George "Making it Hot" for the Submarine Authorities.

I hear from Portsmouth that somebody is going to get into serious trouble over those rotten "A's," and that His Majesty has been in communication with Sir Hedworth Meux, the Admiral at Portsmouth, with a view to saving quite a number of lives which at the present moment are as doomed as if they were under actual "sentence of death." Old submarines which the crew have to rock before they will leave "Davy Jones's Locker" for the surface of the waves are a danger to the Royal Navy, for they prevent recruiting, as the boldest man will not deliberately throw away his life in order to save his ungrateful country the price of a few new submarines. There is going to be trouble over those "A's," and our Sailor King is going to make it! And quite time, too!

Queen Mary Champions English Artists.

Queen Mary has always been very English in her tastes, and is very proud of the fact that she was born of an English princess, in the Royal Borough of Kensington. Her Majesty shows her "English-ness" in a variety of ways, but chiefly perhaps in her encouragement of British artists. Like a few other British folk, Her Majesty believes that there are artists with British blood in their veins, and that for a picture to be "worth having" it is not absolutely necessary for it to be signed by a name ending in a vowel. Since the death of King Edward's "Marine Painter," the late Signor Martino, no foreigners have had a chance with the King and Queen. Nor are they likely to. Amongst the artists to whom their Majesties have accorded sittings at different times are Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., Mr. A. S. Cope, R.A., and Mr. Llewellyn, A.R.A., who painted the lovely State Coronation portrait of Her Majesty, as well as the more recent portrait which hangs in the United Service Club.

Welsh Artists not Forgotten by the Queen.

How it came about, of course, that King George and Queen Mary ever gave sittings to Mr. John Lavery, with Princess Mary and the Pragger Waggoner, is one of the mysteries of Burlington House, but it is certain it will be the last, as well as the first. A Welshman, Mr. Christopher Williams, was given the distinction of being commissioned to paint the State picture of the Prince of Wales at his Investiture at Carnarvon. This picture, which contains fifty-three portraits, took months to paint, and every one of the high dignitaries in it gave the artist special sittings. The Duke of Norfolk, the burly Earl-Marshall of England,

sat at Norfolk House; and others who gave Mr. Lavery sittings were the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess of Ebury, the Earl of Granard, Master of the Horse; Devonport, the Earl of Plymouth, the Duchess of Devonport, the Mistress of the Robes; the Countess of Shaftesbury, a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary; Lord Dunsany, a great Welsh patrician; Lord Kenyon, and a crowd of familiar figures who aren't "patricians," including Lloyd George, John Burns, and McKenna, the Bishop of Bangor and Llandaff, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Menevia.

Money-Making Prelates and their Wills.

The days of our Prince-Bishops are happily over. In Britain in 1914 the story is all the other way round. It was no uncommon thing for a Bishop to amass a fortune of a quarter of a million not so many decades ago. In our days Bishops have to remain bachelors because their avarice will not permit them to marry! But in Catholic countries it would seem that the days of money-making churchmen are not quite so extinct. All the excitement over the search for Cardinal Rampolla's will, the injustice that is being done to the children of the Cardinal's sister, Princess Altieri. Cardinal Rampolla undoubtedly had a tremendous nest-egg, and several were waiting for it! The same was the case when the late Leo XIII. died. After the death of Leo XIII. no trace of his will could be found. However, the sequel came four years later. It was distinctly dramatic.

Late Pope's Fortune of Forty Million Lire.

One fine morning, four months after the accession of the new Pope, Pius X., there drove up to the Vatican the known Cardinal Gotti, whom Leo XIII. had regarded as his natural successor upon the Papal throne. When the Cardinal alighted, he held in his hand a bag which the attendants promptly offered to take from him. But the Cardinal snatched up his bag and refused to let them carry it but his own touch it. Into the Vatican Cardinal Gotti carried his load, and very soon he was accorded a private audience by the Pope. There Cardinal Gotti opened his bag, and disclosed to his (new) Holiness in title his bonds and cheques, no less than 40,000,000 lire (£1,600,000) the fortune Leo XIII. had accumulated during his tenure of the Papacy. Cardinal Gotti told Pius X. that the late Pope had given him the bag, with instructions that he should keep it, should he (as was expected) be elected Pope, but in the event of another being chosen he should hand over the bag to his successor in the Holy See. It was a period of four months after his (Leo XIII.'s) death.

Two More Bags of Gold Discovered.

This story would seem to do tremendous credit to the memory of Leo XIII., who might have left the money in his relations. Instead of which he regarded it all as the property of the Church, and for the benefit of its adherents. But, curiously enough, a few days after Cardinal Gotti's visit to Pius X., some workmen repairing the electric lights in a room which had been the private library of Leo XIII. found a bag containing no less than £360,000 in gold coins behind a row of books. Calling in some of the Papal servants, they began another search, and found another bag with the modest little sum of twenty-five thousand pounds. The search for the will of Cardinal Rampolla is likely to be kept up like a paper-chase for a long time yet. The end of it all will probably prove as dramatic as the mystery of the fortune of Leo XIII.

Another Kind of "Bequest!"

Talking about wills, you ought to have seen Lady Warrender's face the other morning as she sat at breakfast, toying with her letters between her mouthfuls of bacon and eggs, when, upon opening an envelope from a strange firm of lawyers, she read:—

"Your Ladyship, we beg to notify you that under the will of Lady Edith Ashley you are bequeathed a small piece of commode. We await your instructions, etc."

What Lady Maud said it would, of course, be inconceivable for us to mention, but, ringing up her brother, Lord Shaftesbury, Lady Maud discovered that the successor of the late Lady Edith's father in the Earldom of Shaftesbury had "come into" a small picture of Lady's Edith's mother at the age of three!

who gave Mr. W. the Marquess of the Horse; Earl the Duchess of Shaftesbury; Mary; Lord D. yon, and a c. ans," including Kenna, the B. nan Catholic B.

Vills.

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Where her Ladyship's Diamonds and Pearls went.

Lord Shaftesbury isn't in want of money, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George, but that small picture must have "stuck in his Lordship's gullet" for days. Lady Edith Ashley was the elderly spinster daughter of Lord Shaftesbury's and Lady Maud Warrender's grandfather, the famous philanthropic seventh Earl, and though she left over twenty-seven thousand pounds, all Lady Maud has got is her French com- mode! Pearls and diamonds have been lavished under the will upon ladies like the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Arran, Mildred Lady Allsopp, the wife of the one-time Mr. Fred Smith (of W.H.S. and Co., now Viscount Hambleden) and Lady Florence Chaplin, but the Shaftesburys are almost out of it. The deceased lady's servants are much better treated than her own relations! Lord Shaftesbury and Lady Maud Warrender belong to a smart set which scarcely knew old Lady Edith, and she didn't at all approve of their carryings-on! And now she has let them know it! Lady Maud, in sheer disgust, has gone off on a yachting trip in the Mediterranean.

Will Lady Iris Accept Lord Vernon?

From Tarporley I hear that an event will shortly be announced which will set the florists and jewellers busy. Lady Iris Capell and Lord Vernon were left severely alone when they were seen to go out for an "airing" during the ball at Lady Grey-Egerton's. Lady Iris is very pretty, and nineteen, and Lord Vernon is twenty-six. He has a fine place at Sudbury Hall, near Derby, and another at Poynton Towers, near Stockport, and he should make Lady Iris an "ideal husband." I hear also that Lady Clare Annesley flirted outrageously with young Lord Romilly, but as his Lordship is only fifteen, although a Peer of the Realm, it was all very pretty and very innocuous.

Young Peer's Pathetic Isolation.

Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, the host for the ball, stands almost *in loco parentis* to the young orphan peer from Eton. Lord Romilly has not an "own relation" of the Romilly family in the world, and his position, without the Grey-

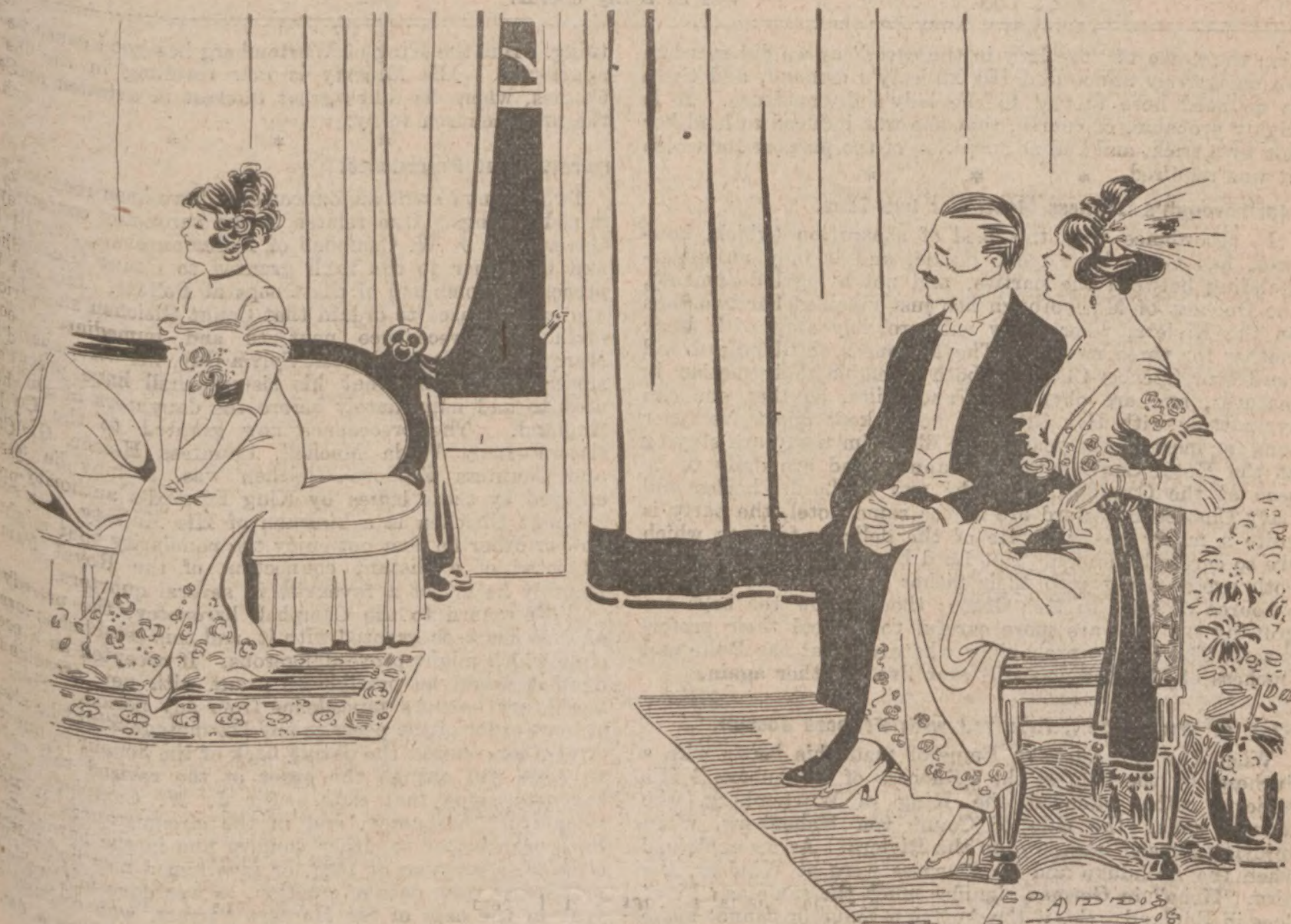
Egertons, would indeed be pathetic. As it is, he will have a tough job to "keep straight" when he comes into his own. The case of the late Marquess of Anglesey was a striking instance of what happens to a boy-peer with heaps of money when father and mother are dead, and he has no near relations to guide his young footsteps. The great Lord Byron's was another. And Lord Romilly is in a position of isolation which is probably unique in the Peerage. He is the only son of an only son, and his father, the late Lord Romilly, died after an operation, when his son was but six years old. A few months later Lord Romilly's mother died, and since before he was seven he has been an orphan.

Sir Philip Guiding his Noble Nephew's Footsteps.

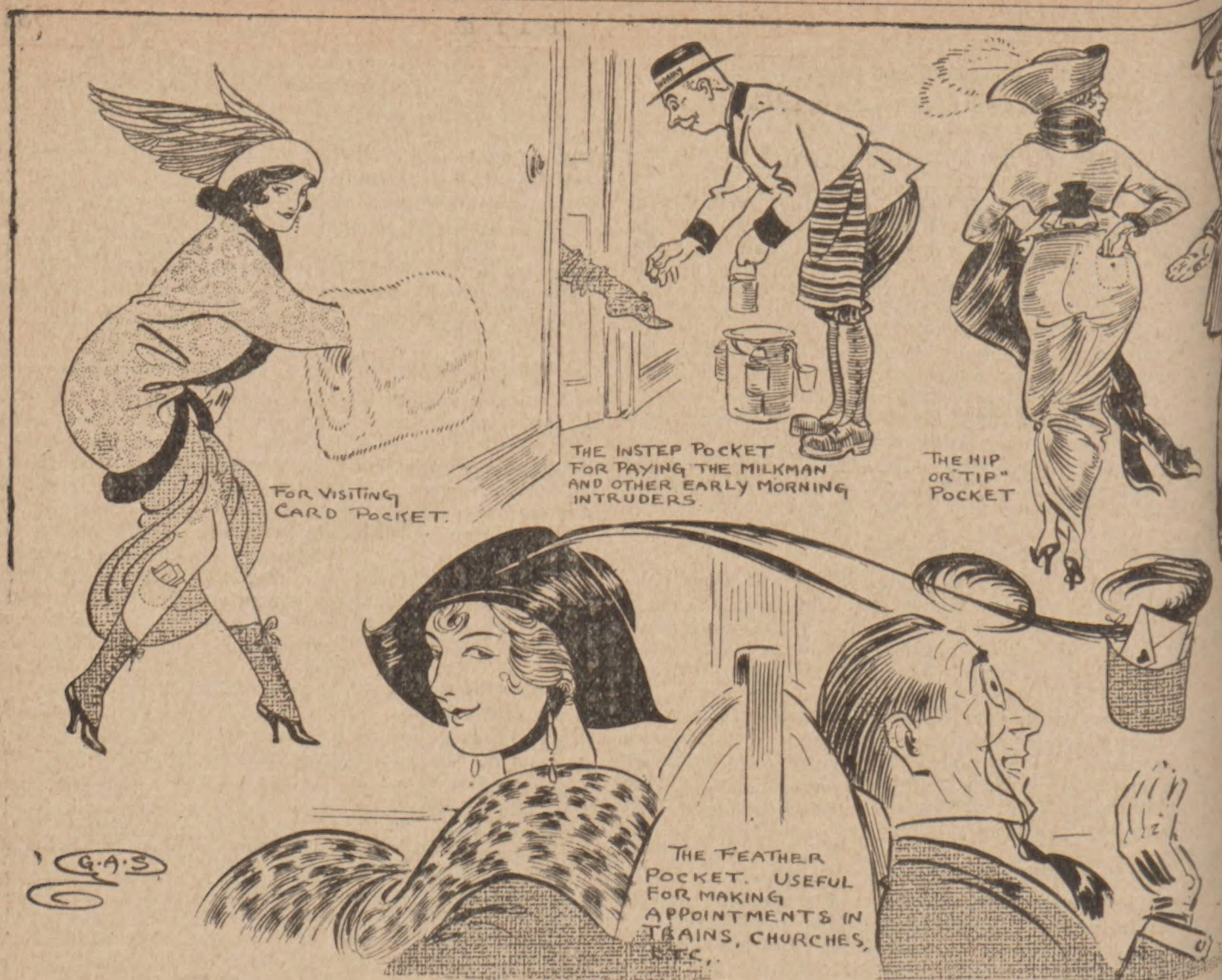
Naturally enough, his mother's brother, Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, has taken a keen interest in his young nephew, and, being a smart fellow, who knows the world, he will doubtless see to it that Lord Romilly doesn't make too many mistakes. They brought him up to Tarporley from Eton, and Lord Romilly enjoyed his first big ball immensely. The girls made no end of a fuss with him, especially Lady Diana Manners, who always sheds rays of sunshine around her. Lord Romilly is great pals with young Lord Vernon, and they have memories in common, for while Lord Vernon was a page at the Coronation of King Edward, Lord Romilly was a train-bearer at the crowning of King George.

A Lady who will never be seen at the Royal Opera any more.

Our readers will be interested to learn that the King's demand for a revision of the box leases at the Royal Opera after the Suffragette demonstration has resulted in the lady who allowed her box to be used by the "militants" for insulting their Majesties receiving notification that she needn't apply for a box again. Her name has disappeared from the subscribers' lists, and is never likely to be restored. Instead, Queen Amelie has at last been provided with a box in the re-shuffle, and the appearance of Queen Augusta Victoria with King Manoel will be one of the events of the "Parsifal" season. We need not again men-



"She has a very young and innocent look."
"Yes! It has taken her years to acquire it."



Fashion experts declare that side pockets for women are to come in vogue. But why not put the pocket where will be really useful?

tion the name of "the lady in the case," as we did so when we exclusively announced His Majesty's demand, and there is no need here to add to the lady's discomfiture. It is highly probable, of course, that she was induced to lend her box by a trick, and had no suspicion of the purpose for which it was required. * * *

Marlborough's Duchess Meets her two Sons.

In accordance with the deed of separation (which, however, has never been made public, and is only an understanding between the parties, and not a legal document), the Duchess of Marlborough has just received her two sons on the Riviera, where they will probably stay with their mother for three months. The Marquess of Blandford and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill both resemble their mother in features, and are obviously Vanderbilts, so that one can sympathise with Her Grace in being kept apart from her sons for most of the year. The Blenheim party are staying at the Hotel Continental at Cannes, and are daily to be seen at the Cannes Golf Club; and as Lord Charles and Lady Charles Beresford are at the same hotel, the party is quite a merry one, in spite of the delicate feelings which are so carefully hidden. But Lord Blandford and Lord Ivor both prefer being with their father at Blenheim, which is a source of grief to Her Grace; though now the boys are growing up they are more careful to conceal their preferences. There is no probability whatever that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough will ever live together again. * * *

King of Wurtemberg Annoyed with Frances Joseph.

When the old Austrian Emperor made his heir's wife a duchess, by the title of the "Duchess of Hohenberg," His Majesty rather offended the King of Wurtemberg, who travels under the title of Count von Hohenberg, when enjoying himself incognito on the Riviera. As we explained when the Archduke and his Duchess were at Windsor, the term "Hohe" in German signifies much the same as "Fitz" does in England. So, if the Austrian Emperor cannot make a Royal personage of Sophie Chotek, he did the next best

thing! But the King of Wurtemberg has good cause to be aggrieved. His Majesty is now revelling in the life at Cannes, where he takes great interest in aviation and the first monarch to fly. * * *

Questions of Precedence.

Two recent *Gazette* announcements have been received with mixed feelings. One relates to the baronetcy conferred on General Sir J. W. Campbell of Ardnamurchan, Argyllshire, and the other to the rank granted to Count Gleichen, present in command of the troops at Belfast. His Majesty has been pleased to ordain that Count Gleichen shall henceforth have precedence next to and immediately before the Marquises of England; that Sylvia Gay, his wife, shall have a similar rank; also that his sisters shall have precedence next to and immediately before the daughters of Dukes in England. The precedence now granted to the Count's sisters—Lady Valda Machell, Countess Helena Gleichen and Countess Feodore Gleichen was, it may be added, enjoyed by these ladies by King Edward's authority.

Count Gleichen is a kinsman of His Majesty, but so how or other he does not enjoy the popularity that might be expected of a distant connection of the Royal Family. Frankly he is not a favourite in several quarters.

With regard to the Campbell baronetcy, the precedence of 1804 has been granted with it, and this establishes a principle which might prove dangerous. If accepted as a precedent it would be possible to grant with new creations hereditary honours precedence from any period. Thus the present order of the peerage and baronetage might be altered altogether; in fact the dating back of the honour in question to 1804 will change the order of the revised roll of baronets since that date. Sir J. W. Campbell held a "doubtful" baronetcy, and in the circumstances it would have been better to either confirm him in the baronetcy claimed, a creation of 1628, or give him a new honour with precedence from date of creation, as was done in Coronation year in the case of Sir Herbert Perrott, who claimed to have assumed a baronetcy concerning which there was a doubt.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE GOD OF DELICACY.

Mr. H. G. Wells says, in "The New Machiavelli," that the greatest and most harmful god that England worships is the God of Delicacy. Probably he had in his mind's eye, when he wrote this sentence, a vision of what ultimately took place with regard to this fine novel—the partial banning to which it has been subjected by certain libraries that, apparently, prefer to place upon their shelves ill-written, "respectable," pornographic "literature" rather than the harmless (if properly read) fruit of one of the most high-minded and intellectual giants of our day.

I am reminded of this by seeing in the papers an advertisement of a forthcoming book on the life and confessions of Oscar Wilde. For the way in which this book is to be published is yet another tribute to the exquisitely delicate and exquisitely foolish mental equipment of certain sections of English society. In a word, only a few hundred copies of this book are to be published, and these at the very exclusive price of three guineas. Which means, of course, that the life and confessions of Oscar Wilde are fit and proper literary food for very superior people with very superior banking accounts, but would utterly demoralise you and me, dear reader, because we are just ordinary brainy people of the great middle classes whose morals and literature must be carefully looked after by superior people, lest we become utterly demoralised and our dear old country be hurled headlong to perdition. Could anything be more monstrously silly, more Anglically hypocritical, more typical of what Mr. H. G. Wells calls the God of Delicacy that infests the English people?

The life and confessions of Oscar Wilde, about to be published, are written by Mr. Frank Harris, a man who at one time was editor of such a high-class review as the *Portnightly*, a man who is recognised by critics capable of judging to be one of the finest short-story writers of modern times. It therefore goes without saying that there will be nothing whatever in the book that ought not to be there—that there will not be one line in the book that is not absolutely essential to the proper and effectual study of one of the most wonderful of complex minds that ever enriched English literature. Why, therefore, in all conscience, should certain sections of public opinion demand, as they apparently do demand, that a book of this nature should be practically reserved exclusively for superior people? It is all part of the indefinite yet silently significant movement that is still, notwithstanding the advance of education, all-powerful in England—the movement to keep the real truth about life and the great people of life away from the masses of the people. We are still, in fact, although we often pride ourselves that we are not, living to a very great extent in the Victorian era that did so much to spread a purple pall of lies and hypocrisy over the lives of the great and the realities of existence. Surely everybody knows to-day, or ought to know, that the private life of a great literary genius like Oscar Wilde is hardly ever up to the Sunday School standard, and, more, that from the point of view of pure literature it is perhaps just as well that it is not. For Wilde's vices, ideal point of view, no possible excuse. He suffered, as he himself admitted, from a strange madness. But nevertheless, this madness was, in a peculiarly Greek way, a vital if horrible part of his literary and artistic development, and if you are going to study madness at all (and it is a terribly important study) then you must

study the life and confessions of a man like Oscar Wilde with as much care as you would study the mad-like mental development and fanaticism of some of the best-intentioned though mistaken and harmful bigots who have made certain aspects of religion the field of their operations.

All this nonsense about banning, or semi-banning, books is part and parcel of the hypocritical worship of the God of Delicacy to which Mr. H. G. Wells referred. We don't see the worship of this foolish and fake god in France. Yet France is just as moral, just as "good" a place as England, notwithstanding the ridiculously foolish notions that are drilled into the heads of English youths and maidens about the noble country across the Channel—a country that we are proud to be allied to for military and naval purposes, but which we all too often look upon with uplifted hands of hypocritical horror when it comes to considerations of literature and life. Look at the way in which we treat our young modern writers who are making glorious efforts to get out of the ruck of literary Victorianism, and to represent life as it really is, and not as Mrs. Henry Wood and Mrs. Florence Barclay represent it to be. John Masefield comes home from a life of adventure and hardship on sea and land, and he gives to us realistic, magnificent, life-like delineations of rough and rugged character, illuminated by touches of as sweetly beautiful a poetry as ever enriched the melody of English song. Yet because he makes his seafaring characters say "bloody" instead of stupid, meaningless adjectives that might be all right in drawing-rooms, but would be utterly ridiculous in the mouth of a sailor in a storm (or not in a storm for the matter of that), we pretend to be effeminately shocked. We don't want life as it is—that's what's the matter with us. We want it as in our childhood dreams we were led to think it. We are afraid of life, of the realities of life in all their truth, and in all the beauty that is in the roughest of truths if we



A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Beginner (playing with the lady's club): "I see now why you have to carry so many clubs about with you."

only knew how to find the sacred pearls. Look at the scandalous way in which British hypocrisy has treated the latest books of fine writers like Compton Mackenzie and W. B. Maxwell. The libraries banned "Sinister Street" and "The Devil's Garden," not because they cared "tuppence" what the public read, but because they believed that the highly respectable Victorian fathers and mothers who constitute their subscribers would be shocked if by any chance these books strayed from the rooms of the parents to the hands of their sweetly innocent daughters. Yet these sweetly innocent daughters have somehow been getting hold of these books to such a tune that they have both had enormous sales and everybody who reads anything has read them. I have read both of these books, every line of them. They are extremely proper and moral books, beautifully written by high-minded men. But they tell the truth about certain phases of life that everybody thinks about, and thinks about wrongly, but which it is (of course) very wicked to think about rightly, as these books teach us to think. If these works are not fit to be read (which is, as Euclid would say, absurd), then some parts of the Bible most assuredly ought to be burnt by the common hangman. It is a little knowledge that is so dangerous, as the poet warned us. Full knowledge allays the curiosity that becomes morbid, and makes all life wonderful and natural as a child.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETH.

We learn from a Sunday paper that last Thursday was the 353rd anniversary of the birth of Francis Bacon. Also of some refreshment-room sandwiches we wot of, not totally unconnected with his name.



A Believer in Spirits.

MORE OR LESS.

How are all your good resolutions getting along this weather? Personally, I don't think sleet-filled wind conducive to morality. They say Hell is a very warm place. It is, I am sure, for those of us who cannot afford to winter abroad, it must be a pleasanter place than England now. So we might just as well have as good—or rather bad—a time as our incomes—or our creditors—will allow so that in the event of sudden death overtaking us this month, we shall at least be certain of being as warm as a tropical plant in a hot-house.

Bustle!

Bustles are to come in with the spring. At least, so we hear. Think of it. Still we have grown so used to do without waists and figures and clothes generally this year that we ought to be grateful for being allowed to wear anything so odious as a bustle. One advantage about bustle is we shall have to wear something to hide it. A man's knowledge about waists has improved wonderfully during the past year. At one time he thought it was an essential part of woman, something created for his special benefit—and arm. Then suddenly it was transferred from its proper place to the shoulder-blades, to reappear at a later date so much lower down, that had he tried to catch it he would have found himself embracing, almost, his own knee. So it was that man came to realise that a woman's figure was what her corset made her, not as he had originally inferred—Dame Nature. But he doesn't mind, does he? His arm gets there just the same.

The Male Express.

Men are never backward at coming forward; their affections never travel by slow trains and the Great Eastern Railway. They just thunder along, running past signs of caution, and halting-places are to them things to laugh at. Straight to their goal they dash, these male expressmen, and when they have reached it they don't waste any time coming back. Return tickets are always included in Cupid's—itinerary. A woman knows very well that "good-bye" is the word she will learn to say most often in life. Does she care? Who knows! There is no chart which to navigate the windings of a woman's heart. They are all shadows or undreamed-of depths. Nobody knows least of all the men we marry. For the wise woman knows that to discover herself would be to destroy herself. Experience rusts everything, especially value, but knowledge the mould upon a grave.

Oranges and Lemons.

I am glad the orange-girls have won and that, undisturbed now by the blue "peeler," they may sell their golden peaches in peace. I am sure Nell Gwynne, if she knew, would be glad too. You don't know, perhaps, that the orange-girl who wheedled a dukedom out of a king is dust not far from Covent Garden, where her bare feet must often have pattered lightly over the cobble stones as she went to buy fruit. She is buried in that church called St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Perhaps—who knows?—her ghost still wanders some times in the byways of Drury Lane, and her once laughing eyes stare wistfully at the sedate shawled sisters who have taken her place.

A Protest.

Talking about Covent Garden, why, I wonder, is it that the porters and costers hanging about there are allowed to make vile remarks to the women who have to pass that way on business. Friends of my own have complained to me about the conduct of these men, and I have suffered from it myself. Why should these uneducated people arrogate to themselves the right of insulting any decently dressed woman just because she is alone. I suppose they think that virtue and a fur coat can't possibly go together. These are the men who, if ever Revolution days came again, one could imagine walking about with a woman's head on a pike, wreaking their spite upon it just perhaps because in her hands were white and her underclothes were tied with ribbons. The little things about a woman that appeal to the educated man—scent and powder and polished nails and lace; all the little foolishnesses of her toilet table—are a theme to the man in the street, who prefers his love to his women shabby and down-at-heel. Well, silk purses are not everybody's fancy. Some prefer pig-skin, but personally I could never, never love a Covent Garden porter.

LOUISE HEILGER.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

The Thames Conservancy is always complaining that it has no money to spend on policing the river, but how comes it that large sums are always forthcoming for quite unnecessary works? There is the costly electric conveyancer at Boulter's Lock which is only used a few times yearly, and now the Conservancy is engaged in widening a part of the Thames at Sunbury known as "the cut"—running between the weir and the lock. Certainly this is rather narrow, but there is never any block to speak of; at all events what crowding occurs during the height of the river season does not justify the expense being incurred.

River frequenters—users of skiffs and punts, and anglers—would very much rather see a few river hogs, who drive their petrol launches to the public danger, brought to book. The supervision of tugs, too, is very slack, with the result that when not towing barges the speed is often high. Recently a writer, while angling from a punt, was drenched by the wash from a tug and had to change. The tug did not pass at all near, but the speed was so excessive that the punt was nearly swamped.

Why does the manager of the West End music-hall look so worried? Is he learning the well-known journalist's threat was no empty one? And does he not deplore his rudeness and use of vulgar language a month ago to the journalist in question?

Was not the "young blood" thankful to get out of his difficulty so easily last week in Piccadilly Circus? And when will he be rudely awakened to the fact that money will not always serve, and also that obliging policemen are not always to be met with?

The little story of Marie Lloyd and the vitriolic ointment or face-wash, it appears, was but a figment of an imaginative brain of an American reporter—probably one of the illustrious apostles of truth whose efforts in the capacity of "own correspondents" do so much to liven up the columns of the cheaper daily press and incidentally place so great a strain upon the credulity of sensible people. Cablegrams have passed between Miss Lloyd and her relatives on this side, who were naturally perturbed at the prospect of seeing only a mutilated version of their Marie, and the latter soon made it apparent that the romancers had been at work again.

Another somewhat amusing effort of the imagination is a little yarn told in the *Daily Sketch* concerning Mme. Adeline Genée and her experiences with an interviewer at Melbourne. The famous dancer, it is said, was engaged in a snowball match with a friend when the newspaper man suddenly appeared round the corner and stopped a large

snowball with his neck, whereat he was annoyed and refused to be pacified even when he discovered the identity of his assailant. Well, we have been in Melbourne, during the winter, too, and we can quite understand the bewilderment of an unsophisticated journalist when a miracle happened. The gentleman would be almost equally astonished at the idea of a London newspaper retailing this alleged episode as true.

Wasn't the millionaire financier upset when he discovered the loss of the bundle of correspondence from his secret drawer? How much did he pay for the return of the letters? And will not his late under-secretary realise that he has been very rash, when the ghost of his buried past is brought to confront him in about three months' time?

A Public School master is about to make his début in the Divorce Court. Good luck to him!

That a certain Anglo-American society lady recently had to have a taxi to drive round borrowing money from her friends to keep the bailiffs out?

How much do the "tips" of certain police officers on duty in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square amount to in the course of a week, and when is that official enquiry into the whole subject to be held?

Have not the police some very tangible clues as to the person who murdered little Willie Starchfield in the North London train? Why is no arrest made?

Certain newsvendors in the Strand are doing a roaring trade in little pictures (calculated to paint Paris red) which they keep in an inner pocket—until a "knot" passes near.

The new Bovril picture, "Nothing to fear," is thus described by the *Evening News*: "Sun-

browned children playing in the lanes are suddenly startled by the arrival of a young performing bear from the Pyrenees, attended by his Basque owner and trainer. The dusky Frenchman blows his trumpet, beats his tambourine, and calls upon his muzzled animal to dance." Gee whizz! Sounds more like a kinema film than a picture, but anyhow the artist who can get all this on to one small canvas has nothing to fear from the Futurists.

The *Daily Mirror*, that inveterate discoverer of obscure genius, has unearthed a "remarkable family"—ten sons and ten daughters—in Devonshire. "The parents have only been married once," proclaims the newspaper, with bated breath. It seems to have been quite enough. Goodness knows what would have happened if they had made a habit of it!



A.D. 2014.

Woman: What queer little antics! I wonder if they really acted like this?

THE SCOURGE.

By LADY DOROTHY WALPOLE.

"Then that is your last word?" he said. "May God forgive you."

She passed her hand uncertainly across her forehead. She seemed dazed, stunned. The weary struggle had dragged itself to a close, and she was very tired.

Mechanically he opened the door for her and, calling a taxi, they drove in silence to the door of her house.

And on the steps, in the glare of the street-lights, without even a hand-clasp, came the end.

With some detached portion of her mind working feverishly, she passed through the ordeal of dinner. She was engaged to go on to a dance, and had made up her mind not to go; but the cheerful, vapid chatter of her cousins jarred her nerves almost to breaking point; she felt she should scream if she had to sit through the evening. Anything to escape! Her head ached abominably, and every fibre in her body was tired, but she could not rest.

She went up to her room, and, switching on a strong light, mechanically examined herself in the mirror. She did not look at all pretty, she reflected, though she was considered the prettiest girl in her set. She dosed herself with some bitter white tabloids, a strong chemist's drug, and scientifically applied a little pink stuff to her face and lips. As she did so, she laughed rather grimly, thinking of her former light-hearted scepticism of love and its power. Such a banal story too! The attractive but impecunious suitor, the stern parent with threats of disownment, and so on, *ad nauseam*. There had been his passionate plea for an elopement, her realisation of its impossibility, the dreary struggle against the longing and the lure of his voice. And then the end.

She dropped the rouge-stick, and shook her shoulders impatiently, as she picked up a long white cloak. Yes, she looked better now, almost as pretty as usual.

Arrived at the ball, she wondered why she had come; it all looked so stale, and she cast about for a polite method of escape. But she was seized upon by two or three acquaintances, and danced with them in turn, still devising a favourable opportunity to depart.

Presently a man she knew fairly well, and guessing to be a blackguard rather disliked, came up and claimed her for a dance.

"You are looking as beautiful and as miserable as *une ame damnée* this evening, Madonna mia," he said. "What is the matter?"

She started; she had not realised that she was giving herself away. Laughing lightly, she sat with him while he ate supper. He was delighted. She smiled at him—he rather lost his head. She sipped some champagne. He had hit the mark; she felt like a lost soul, as if nothing mattered. The waiter refilled her glass. She grew rather reckless. She felt as if she wanted to do something desperate, as if nothing could be evil enough to numb the pain at her heart.

She remained at the dance till the small hours. She flirted shamelessly with all her partners, and especially with this man. He was mad with pleasure at her unexpected favour. She had lost her self-respect. She laughed at his innuendoes, and smiled into his bold eyes. He looked flushed and horrible.

The pain at her heart was quieter. It was dying of shame, and whimpering—. Suddenly came a revulsion. She looked at the man, and felt rather sick. She got up from the sofa where they were sitting.

"Don't go," he said, stammering, "won't you be kind?" and tried to seize her.

She swung round, hitting his wrist sharply with her ringed hand, so that he let go. Leaving him, she went back to the ball-room, and made her adieux to the hostess. On the stairs, she met the man again.

"You devil," he said, "I am going to see you home. You shall not look at me like that!"

The expression in his eyes disgusted her. Couples were beginning to pass them at the sound of the music. He was hideously excited, and she did not want a scene, so said quietly:

"All right, wait for me by the front door, while I get my cloak."

She leisurely descended the stairs, and knowing the house passed out by the side door, giving on to a side street.

In the taxi she slid down in a heap on the floor, and burying her face in her arms, cried as if her heart would break. She was bitterly ashamed. She felt as Peter must have felt in the garden — "Could'st thou not watch with me one hour?" In her self-abasement she would have been glad for someone to have beaten her, to have trampled her in the dust. And even her tears she knew to be the tears of a coward.

And when she had let herself into the silent house, groping her way upstairs in the dark, she felt the loneliest thing on God's earth.

* * *

A year later, and they met again. He passed her in a crowded ball-room on the arm of an elderly man, a rich peer with a varied past, he was told, and her fiancé. He had seen the announcement in the back number of a halfpenny paper on the eve of a native rising in the hill country, where his regiment was indulging in some guerilla warfare. He had played into the hands of death that night, but he had passed him by.

Now, he examined the man. He was *façonné* and looked dissipated; he was obviously *épris* with his companion, escorting her through the crowd with the air of a soldier exhibiting a new favourite. She was glancing up at him with the tired brilliant smile that Gregory knew so well.

At supper, their eyes met across the table; she stared slightly, and bowed. Cursing himself for a fool, he followed them into the ball-room, and asked formally for a dance. Her companion screwed in an eyeglass, and stared offensively, but she dismissed him with a quiet, "I'll come back after, and we'll go home if you're ready," and more off.

"Let's sit it out, I'm so tired," she said, and he noticed compassionately the weary little lines round the corners of her mouth, and the nervelessness of the slim hand resting on her arm. His eye caught the glint of a diamond on his third finger.

"My congratulations," he said, gently, as they sat down. After a pause—"Are you happy?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Who is?"

"Then why —?"

"Oh, well, the family seemed to think I had done nothing to earn my keep all these years. They tell me that my ancestral honour is retrieved, the coronet re-gilded, and on, which is all very gratifying."

"And you?"

"I have an exquisite trousseau. We shall entertain a lot, and I shall give very amusing dinners, and be the best dressed woman in town. I am rather fond of the flesh-pot, you know."

"Your hands nailed Love to a tree, you stripped him, scourged him with rods," he quoted slowly. "Do you remember the rest?"

"Don't, for pity's sake!"

Her voice was sharp with something like fear now, and her face very white.

"Vivian, do you remember an evening on the river, when that old book of poetry? You used to be rather fond of poetry, I remember." He felt rather cruel.

"Don't!" she repeated painfully. "You broke my heart once. Cannot you let me mend the pieces in my own way?"

Her mouth quivered pitifully. He leant suddenly forward and took her tense hands.

"Is it too late—Vivian?"

She stared at him vaguely for a moment, as if not comprehending. The prelude of a Viennese waltz filtered down the corridor. She straightened her back suddenly, and smiled at her tired brilliant smile.

"Quite too late," she said lightly, "and incidentally, I went home." And still smiling, she followed her into his Rolls-Royce.

Gregory finished his quotation under his breath—

"You came, and went, and forgot."

I hope he will some day die.

Monsieur Vedrines, the aviator, has been challenged to a duel by a Monsieur Roux. We now hear that he intends to fly to Australia. The coward!

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Young Hopeful: Father says you are a self-made man.
Are you?

The Caller: Yes, my boy, and I'm proud of it.

Young Hopeful: Then why didn't you pick out a more fashionable pattern?

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Her Father: Young man, I shut up the house at 11.30 prompt!

Her Beau: Very well, sir, I'll begin saying good-night at half-past ten.

Motorist (in hospital): How about the car?

Friend: Total wreck. But never mind, you'll save enough while you're here to buy another one.

Budding Author: I had better success with my last novel than with any other.

Friend: Accepted?

B.A.: No; but it was much shorter and I only lost half as much in stamps sending it round.

Mrs. Pester: Look at my new gown; it's a dream.

Mr. Pester: My dear, you must quit eating those indigestible suppers.

Maisie (gazing over the boat-side): "The ocean is very treacherous."

Archie: "Yes, it's full of craft."

WHEREIN THE IMPROVEMENT LIES.

Mrs. Sauers: Among the barbarous people of the earth a man can have as many wives as he desires, while civilisation limits each man to one. Now, you can't tell me but that civilisation makes men better morally.

Mr. Sauers: Not necessarily. It merely gives him better sense.

Asker: Could you lend me a fiver?

Tellit: No, I couldn't.

Asker: Have you a friend that would lend me a fiver?

Tellit: No. I have not a friend to spare.



THE MATERIALIST VIEWPOINT.

Small Nephew: Are you going to heaven when you die, Auntie?

Fat Aunt: Of course, dear.

Small Nephew: My, what a pair of wings it'll take for you!—Puck.

SNUBBING A SNOB.

At one of the New England Society dinners in New York, a young man, twirling the Hohenzollern crest upon his watch chain, said to Senator Lodge:

"How far can your ancestry be traced?"

"I'm tempted to answer you in the words of Smythe," said Senator Lodge. "Smythe, you know, when this question was put to him, replied:

"When my great-grandfather suddenly resigned his position as cashier in a Boston bank, they traced him as far as Borneo, but he got away."—Washington Star.

GETTING IT STRAIGHT.

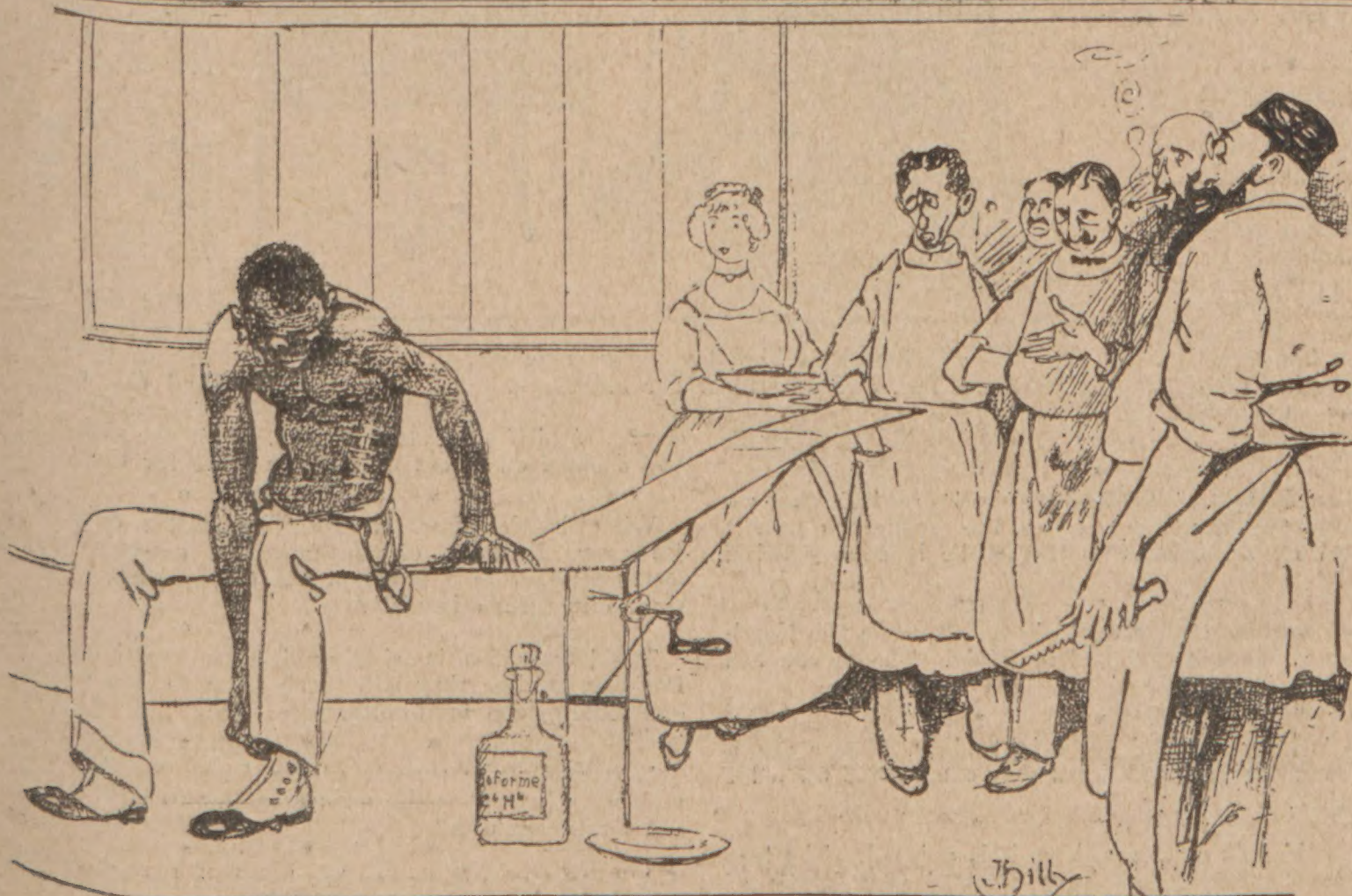
"After all," said Mr. Kwoter, "it's a true saying that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'"

"Not at all," replied Wise. "The true saying is: 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

DEFYING THE MILITANTS.

Tourist (in London): It certainly took a bunch o' bobbies to arrest that silk-hatted guy! What did he do?

Cabby: W'y, that bleedin' blighter hain't pinched; 'e's a heminent statesman goin' to luncheon!—Judge.



A DIRTY TRICK.

The Patient (after the operation): You blithering idiots! You have sewn me up with white thread."—Le Sourire.

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Where do the "fan.ous" musical comedy actresses act, who have been writing in such glowing terms recently of various beauty specialities?

Extract from a pathetic love-story in a contemporary:—"Freda was bridesmaid. . . She tripped on her aunt's train and fell flat on her nose. The bride picked her . . . and she had almost to be peeled from her at the motor-door." Appealing? What!

One does not need to be very old to have a history.

Who is the dramatic author who does not want his name attached to his new play until after its production? And will he own it if it is a failure?

Who's the lady who parades about an East Coast resort in a gorgeous leopard-skin coat and down-at-heel shoes?

Isn't it rather a shame to blame the Crown Prince of Germany for sending telegrams? It seems to be more the fault of heredity.

Who was it contrived to get hold, for publication, of the photographs of some of the performers in Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh's recent private theatricals? And were they really as surprised about it as they said?

Is the rumour that the "Tobacco King" is purchasing Crewe House for his little kingdom (or should it be Duke-dom?) likely to end in smoke?

Who is the Countess whose French maid paid a handsome sum to leave her mistress after twenty-four hours' service? And why?

Is it due to the fact that "dead men tell no tales" that we hear so little adverse criticism on the numerous patent medicines which are offered to the public in such glowing terms?

There seems to be a great deal of excitement in the North about a dog which can add and multiply. The owner has evidently never kept rabbits!

Someone is offering £600 for bright ideas. There are a large number of bright-eyed dears that can be had for a lot less than that.

Berlin is evidently not so pink as it is painted. The fact that the Morality Crusaders have arrested wax figures of ladies and hairdressers' wax busts, proves that the place

isn't really so hot after all. It doesn't take a great amount of warmth to melt wax!

How many people are still keeping the good resolutions they made on the first of January?

Who was the actress who, in a fit of mental abstraction on getting into a taxi at Charing Cross the other morning said, "Uncle George, please!"? And where did the taxi driver take her?

The greatest problem of life has always been the triangle ever since the serpent arrived in the Garden of Eden.

A doctor in New York has just died leaving £250 each to six of his patients. Conscience money?

What was the nature of the conversation the musical comedy star overheard on the telephone the other morning between her manager and a friend? Didn't it very nearly lead to a sudden breaking of her contract? And where did she get her new fur coat from?

"Charity begins home," and there's nothing it loves much as to stay by the "ain fireside!"

It must have been rather a shock to certain society couples to meet in Regent Street the other afternoon, when had been widely announced in the Society weeklies that one had departed for Moritz whilst the other was ruralising in Scotland. What did each think of the other's companion? And wasn't it a case of "check mate?"

"Fine feathers make fine birds" will not be true much longer when the Plumage Law comes into force.

Did the young lady know the real identity of the gentleman who had tea with at the Trocadero the other day?

And if she ever finds out, won't she rather wish she had decided on a less well-known place for the tête-a-tête day?

What is the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald's opinion of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland's assertion that her announcement in a paper of her engagement to him is the most outrageous insult?

The latest idea is singing lessons for laundry maids. Perhaps in time they will teach them to iron collars out tearing the stud-holes.

Is it really the threats of the Black Hand Society that makes Paderewski's life such a misery to him? If so, not Dr. Schönberg?

A woman who will wear her heart on her sleeve must complain if it gets badly chipped.



He: Did Stella's birthday party come off?
She: Yes, and several of her birthdays.

at the young husband of a few weeks rather surprised to find one of his old haunts in the West End, to wife there? And is it true that the little misunderstanding will have to go into the Courts?

* * *
are told that some dozens of employees of London newsagents are "off sick." This mild epidemic, however, synchronised with the launching of a new journal, between whose folds slabs of a glutinous material found their way by some mischance.

* * *
do the restaurants think of the Royal Automobile

* * *
ulations to the *Daily Sketch* on that little scoop of Reading's nephew's duel. But hadn't the "L.C.J." a little set-to in Trafalgar Square not so very long

* * *
A Sunday school teacher named Beauchamp, to the woods took her children to tea. And sundry mosquitoes discovered her neat hose, and stung her before she could reach Beauchamp.

* * *
ing a grand Yorkshire ball. Collins scribe, says "Lady Collins chaperoned her daughter, who looked well in black chiffon with cream Mechlin corsage." Writing from memory, we think Lady Evelyn Collins has a better; if so, she must be very for it was only towards the 1907 that Major Collins, of the Greys, married the Duke of Grey's youngest sister.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

serpent leered up at Eve. "Come and eat of the Tree of Knowledge," he invited. Eve didn't know that.

* * *
he early British period, a man in skins and painted with red back her head and faced her scornfully. "Obey thee?" "How could I not disobey my loved Wulf—the fiercest of the deadliest warrior, the fiercest hunter of them all. How could he should not be my king? He is young and strong? Did not my Wulf win thee from her tribe, and lead thee through the hills to be queen of the village?"

* * *
girl of curls and dimity faced her. "What should you have run to Gretna Green!" he said.

* * *
pouted. "My dear Henry," she said. "You had consent to the match, and now you elope." "Your mother faint with the old man." "Tis a matter of her will." "Your Aunt Emily is an old maid and crabbed." "And she will repent how happy I am. 'Tis to say nay, father, and 'twas a delicious adventure going

to Gretna Green, everyone staring, and Henry so kind . . . and you know great-grandmother eloped to France with a Cavalier!" * * *

To-day.
"My dear, don't argue with me," said the Professor, "you have far too decided opinions for a girl of your age. Remember the respect due to your parents."

The Flapper stared at him.
"You are old-fashioned," she said. "Times have changed. I read Shaw and I'm not a kid, and I don't see why I shouldn't go out with Reginald if I like!"

The Professor frowned.
"You stop out until all hours of the night."
The Flapper shrugged her shoulders.
"The cinematographs don't close until eleven and neither do the music halls. I know how to take care of myself, you

h. t. .
The Professor groaned.
"One of my grannies ran off to Gretna Green," she said. "And the dear dark ages weren't peopled with saints. Besides it's the age of freedom and I love Reginald."

* * *
The serpent leered up at Eve.
"Come and eat of the Tree of Knowledge," he invited.
It was an open invitation to everyone for ever, but poor Eve didn't know that.
She didn't know she was opening an eternal High School for Feminine Sinners. But she was!



1913



1914



1915



1916



1917

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Sixty feet of sons," news par. headline.—A measure of posterity

A Berlin coal merchant has been charged with assault. But he was sure to be fiery!

Our Crown Princess has been skating at Stockholm. Figure-eightively speaking, she cut up well.

"Mad Bridegroom. Sudden Insanity on the night of the wedding." (Evening paper). Did he bite her?

Madame Tussaud's placard: "G.B. Shaw taken from life." Very sad. But those whom the gods love die young.

"Naked Lights in a Coal Pit," reads a headline. We understand that the bishops are investigating the matter.

"A Sin of Silence" is the name of the new serial running in the *Daily Chronicle*. Evidently a hint to non-advertisers.

Northumberland miners have been vanquished over the three-shift system, but they don't appear to be very shirty in their defeat

"Do Miracles Happen?" asks the *Daily Chronicle*. And this after Lord Northcliffe has sold the *Daily Mirror* to a Liberal proprietor.

"Girls imprisoned in a fortress for singing." If everyone is going to get their deserts like this, we shall want new prisons in a week or so.

"Woman picked up in a fishing net off Southend Pier," says the *Daily Express*. It's usually the men who are at sea and the women who pick them up.

Mr. Charles de Rothschild is reported to have paid £1,000 for a flea. To an ordinary man this seems a lot of money, but it is, of course, a mere flea-bite for a Rothschild.

Does "Cinematation" (the word is coined in the *Daily Sketch* Diction Mint) make for the commission of crime? Well, the picture people appear to be getting the guilty look.

Gus Elen has saved sufficient "splosh" to assume an independent air. He threatens retirement from the stage unless he can command a weekly salary of more than two ponies. His monkey's up.

A bankrupt head waiter at a West End hotel wailed that nowadays he served clerks and counter-jumpers. It was a clerk who returned the compliment and served him—with a missive from his Majesty the Law.

A razor fight in the dark was described at the Old Bailey when an optician was sentenced to six months for wounding a girl. A close shave for the female. Had too many glasses and saw red, was the fellow's trouble no doubt.

The Aerial Topsey-Turveydrops have had an upside-down dinner. It was a plane, but anything but a plain, feed. They began at the end and ended at the beginning. In fact, no one knew the start and the 'End on it.

In order to prevent New York policemen becoming frost-bitten while on point duty they are provided with shelters. Anyone requiring their assistance has to wave a green lamp. The green lamp acts as a token of assurance that no danger exists, we presume.

A young lady who can safely "slang" anyone in French, Polish, Russian, and a few other languages advertises for employment. She prefers to have charge of animals, but ends up by saying that "an old lady would do instead." Even "old cats" are at a premium.

Lord Ashbourne says that continually speaking English deforms the mouth. Now we know why our wideawake American cousins have acquired the habit of speaking through the nose. When the noble lord made this criticism he was himself of course talking through his hat.

The wooden walls of England—the heads of our ment departments.

"Umbrellas of brilliant colour" is the hue and Sombre "mushes" are on the black list.

"Forty-eight hours on the Rocks" is a daily's le That's nothing. We've been there for years.

"Birds are rare in Norfolk." (Shooting report in daily paper). Try London, my boy, try London!

"Girl Sacrifices Hair for her Lover" shouts the *News*. But many a man has lost his hair over a girl.

"The Lions of Zabern" says a morning paper. it rather recall to mind the fable of the ass in the lion's

"Twenty lives lost in a dam burst near Dobbin, Virginia," says the *Evening News*. Twenty is a why swear about it?

The *Standard* recently discoursed on Mrs. Pank's takings whilst in America. It's her leavings and not ings that we require.

Sir Herbert Tree has revived "The Darling of with great success at His Majesty's Theatre. thundered applause from above.

Says a ladies' weekly: "In Holland a silk pincush the door-knob proclaims a birth—red for a boy, whi girl." And black for twins?

We are told by an authority that boxing improv eye. Perhaps it does; but we have seen men come boxing set-to with both eyes spoiled.

"All men are unreasonable. But we can be explained Mr. Symmons at Greenwich to a young Yes, but how oft we are suspicious of a hoax behind the

Cannon were used to celebrate the jubilee of the Atholl's accession to a few hundred thousand acres and a hundred or so of titles. Very appropriate rec for such a big gun.

Like Othello's, the occupation of the profession wright will soon be gone. The nobility are nobbling ennobling, the game. That my lords and ladies after the royalties goes without saying.

The British Empire Shakespeare Society rece sented "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." We understa Messrs Oyler's offer for them to change the name to Prince of Tyres," was not considered adequate.

"The best way to find a keyhole with the key is to your left thumb on the keyhole," said Mr. Symme Greenwich Police Court. We would add that if cannot locate the thumb, whistle for a policeman key.

A "dresser" at the Empire Theatre has been a thief; six shillings and eightpence in marked discovered on her after it had been missed. Foolish If she had counted the amount, she must have smell presence of legal trickery.

Miss Phyllis Dare was prevented from awarding at the Playgoers' Club costume ball by reason According to a contemporary, her father wrote that very seedy. Surely so fair a flower as Phyllis reached the weedy, seedy stage and age. Phyllistines!

The London County Council, says the *Man Guardian*, have intimated "that in many of the (infirmaries and asylums) where doctors were marry (one the strength) they are now permitted to A good job, too. One the strength, and power to their number.



She: So you are going to the ball as a Highlander. Have you got your costume yet?
He: Part of it. I've got a couple of knees.

Fine feathers make fine bills for husbands to growl over.
If a man and his wife are one, how many was Solomon
and his outfit?
It is easier for most of us to find fault than it is to find
our.
The real hero of many a novel is the man who undertakes
to publish it.
That Tennessee man who is said to have invented odour-
less whisky will, no doubt, receive a vote of everlasting
thanks from some married men who vote in this great and
glorious country.

Even an old sock has been known to generate dry humour.
High-minded people do not have to become airship chauff-
eurs in order to prove it.
A lot of so-called society leaders are never heard of until
they figure in some sort of scandal.
Kisses speak louder than words over the telephone.
A woman hasn't much use for a man whom she can't teach
to be jealous.
It's easier for a man to make money than it is to spend it
to the satisfaction of his wife.

IN STAGELAND.

I am glad "The Shepherdess Without a Heart" is appearing in the evenings of every Wednesday and Saturday, in addition to the daily matinee, now that she has found herself so fortunately placed at the New Theatre. If Mr. Bertram Forsyth will keep it going for a few weeks more this should enable some few round thousands more to see his beautiful phantasy, which is dominated in caste and production by the delicate finesse of the author's personality.



BABETTE,
in Ragtime at the Empire.

For Miss Evangeline Hilliard, as the Shepherdess, it may be said that she has so many of the little sympathetic adjuncts peculiar to our leading comedy and light dramatic actresses that it is almost impossible to believe that she is entirely a new element in our theatrical reckoning. I mean so far as units of importance are concerned. Bertram Forsyth's "Dreams" and Christopher St. Eve's "Pip" were the studies that impressed me most after Miss Hilliard's influence has been acknowledged. Chris. St. Eve is the possessor of a soprano voice of tone and delicacy and an elocution of a quality that is unfortunately all too rare in our few boy-actors of the period. I do hope we may see again, somewhere about next Christmas

time, the strange doings under the eaves and on the roof of that dear little mediæval house hard by the protective shadow of that cathedral so familiar to the eyes of the artistically imaginative, but rarely encountered outside the ancient German townships.

But above all, and for this season, do not fail to note, as you go in, the elegant youth in the grey lounge suit, standing with legs astride and lighted cigarette in front of the foyer mantelpiece. If you are not unaccompanied he will probably Marconi to the president of the pay box with sundry facial contortions which, in view of "The Shepherdess's" change of venue and its consequent close neighbourhood to a risqué French farce, may perhaps be interpreted as Who's the Lady? or any other old thing on earth. I hope he receives adequate remuneration (apart from the more usual managerial functions he may perform) as he is genuinely entertaining. I was delighted to observe that, together with the other pretty props, he is apparently happy in his particular niche just outside the foyer fireplace.

An unfair, critical week has ended in the death of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," despite her own brave little efforts to live and the skilful care of fresh, wholesome Dr. Malcolm Cherry, who promised us he would certainly "pull her through." I think, however, that he has broken no promise as he must have meant that it was little Miss Stephanie Bell's newly-born theatrical existence he was guarding. He, then, has succeeded brilliantly, and in addition to enhancing his own reputation has helped to create a strong virile actress-personality out of the ashes of a dead rôle. About those temperatures the doctor was taking, I owe it to myself to explain that the printer would not let me say what I meant, and that two curious consecutive printer's errors may have given the impression that I was very unwell myself when I was last leaking ink about Mr. Cherry's temperatures.

The matinee demand at the Comedy Theatre during the run of "Alice in Wonderland" has been so heavy and persistent that by way of making further effort for the supply to meet the demand Mr. Bernhardt has arranged that the production will not terminate on the 24th as originally intended, but will then go on tour with the production as it now stands. Cora Giffin will still play Alice and Mr. Hayden Coffin will play Mad Hatter, and the principal suburban theatres will be visited with a week or two set aside for the Theatre Royal, Brighton, and other of the first-class provincial theatres. On the conclusion of these arrangements, "The Spielmann," abandoned after active rehearsal last year, will be put into harness again with the two above-mentioned principals to sustain the major portion of the interest.

The date of the production of Mr. Granville Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Savoy has been fixed for January 30th. This presentation will show a startling style of "make-up" on the person of Titania and her attendants that could only have been both imagined and realised by Granville Barker. The idea conveys such a revolutionary impression of eccentric beauty that it would be utterly unfair to give you the details yet.

Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton are in England again, and will revive "Kismet" at the Globe next month. Good luck for the Globe at last!

Mr. Alfred Butt informs me that his new Paris hall will be almost as much under his personal supervision as is the Palace. It would appear to have every possible chance of instant success. This will be the third English-owned and managed hall in Paris. The Alhambra has been successful for years and is run by the Variety Theatres Control. Randvöll House, Charing Cross Road, of which Mr. Paul Murray is the well-known director. They have a second hall now in course of erection. Mayhap we shall see an English hall in Berlin one day—when the German military spirit con-



NELSON KEYS.
in "The New Empire Stores" (Empire Revue).

forms to ideals somewhat less extreme than those which find in fake duelling and the sabring of crippled cobbles indications of martial advancement.

How much has Mr. Eustace Gray had to pay in "fines" to propitiate the provincial managements who are bitterly disappointed at not being able to obtain his revue, "I do like your eyes!" at the scheduled dates owing to its increasing success at the Palladium? W. R. C. R.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 38.

A Gallant Bourbon Prince and his oft-divided love.

Amongst the Royal families of Europe the Bourbons are always distinguished for their amorousness; (and their representatives in 1914, notably the King of Spain and the ex-King of Portugal, are, if report speaks truly, behind their Hapsburg and Orleans-Bourbon ancestors in this respect). There was, for instance, that charming Louis de Bourbon, the champion of the Huguenots and the partisan of our good Queen, Louis de Bourbon was not a magnificent figure to look upon. He was slight of figure, and of the typical beau sabreur, while he also possessed all Europe knew, the stoutest heart and the sword in Europe. When Calvin was trying to press Europe to the iniquities of Rome, and to free the peoples of Western Europe from the ecclesiastical cause, and shed his blood for what he conceived

Catherine of France is said to have regarded Calvinism as a means to the usurpation of her throne. Catherine lived to find out that she was wrong, but her domestic ambitions may have been, was at least frank and genuine in his championship of the Huguenots. Louis was the youngest of the sons of Charles, Duc de Vendome, first Prince of the Royal of France, and consequently he had his share of the family. But, by the time he was twenty-five he was the most famous gallant in Europe. His partisanship towards England was a real anguish to Queen Catherine, who made desperate efforts to cause him to break with the Protestant cause.

the means by which Catherine succeeded in breaking this break which resulted in the romantic termination of his connection with England, and, to the disgust of the English and the Huguenots, the British forces when they were held up in France, where plague soon broke out, and the British died like flies. Within one month only a hundred British soldiers were left fit to fight. The westerly winds drove the English ships French coast; the French promptly closed the and starvation stared the English in the face. capitulated and Le Havre became once again property.

Queen's Way with "Petitioners."

the means by which the artful French Queen Catherine de Bourbon from his compact with the English and the Huguenots? Catherine de Bourbon, it must be admitted, one of the artfullest who ever lived. Surrounding her throne by a circle of the handiwork of noble birth within the Gaul, she made them pawns in her game of and, truth to tell, they generally played their foreign statesmanlike skill. Whenever a statesman approached Her Majesty with a petition, his desires were first enquired into. If they were reasonable, he was allowed to linger about the court several days in succession, until he had fallen in love with one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, and then, being selected for the part, and then, being appointed by Her Majesty, his mission was refused, but the appointment was annulled by his inability to tear himself from the maid-of-honour who had charmed him.

Hisself Falls a Victim to Catherine's Artful Scheme.

almost hard to believe that Louis de Bourbon, a Prince of France, fell a victim to this artful scheme of Catherine's. Yet, so it was. Moreover, Louis, known as the Prince de Condé, was found by the chosen maid-of-honour a peculiarly susceptible upon the scaffold, and who had not shown the other in a hundred fights, was as a child when he fell to Catherine's court, and found between him and the Queen the delightful coquette Isabel de

Limeuil, a daughter of the great house of La Tour d'Auvergne, and a kinswoman of the Queen-Mother herself. So far, Isabel de Limeuil's career had been one of entire conquest. As the unsupervised body-guard of the Queen, her success had been complete. No gallant, no foreign ambassador or French minister, had sought the Queen, and yet left the steps of the throne a disappointed man. Isabel was "a blonde with beautiful eyes and a dazzling complexion; in figure, somewhat thin but exquisitely formed. She was well educated, and possessed a mordant wit which she used freely at the expense of those admirers who did not suit her fancy, not sparing even the most exalted personages."

* * *

Protestant Champion's Appeal to the Erring Prince.

Louis de Bourbon, fresh from the wars, was to appear before the Queen as France's champion of the Protestant faith. Louis certainly was not a religious man, as we understand it, and religion in those days was very much a matter of politics. Louis had been for a dozen years married to Eleonore de Roye, who was frankly in love with him, and never once swayed from her fidelity to the day of her death. What was the horror, then, of Calvin and the Huguenots, both of England and France, to find, upon Louis's return to the Court of Catherine, his complete capitulation to the charms of Isabel de Limeuil. But true enough it was! They called Isabel the "Midianitish woman"; from a safe distance they hurled imprecations upon the head of the coquette who had seduced young Louis de Bourbon from his noble devotion to Protestantism. At last Calvin, seeing the danger which Louis's profligacy was doing to the "great cause," wrote him a very severe lecture, pleading with him "to show in his whole life that he had profited by the doctrines of salvation, and to let his example be such as to edify the good, and close the mouths of all slanderers." Calvin's letter proceeded: "We do not suppose that there was any direct offence to God, but when it is reported to us that you make love to ladies, your authority and reputation are seriously prejudiced. Good people will be scandalized thereby. The evil disposed will make it a subject of mockery. We trust, Monseigneur, that this warning will be taken in good part, when you reflect how much it is to your good service!"

But Louis cared nothing at this moment for religion in his sudden infatuation for Isabel de Limeuil. Suddenly two of Louis's children died, and his wife became dangerously ill. They said it was a judgment! Louis flew to his wife, but the waiting by her sick bed was not at all to his taste. He wrote complaining letters to Isabel, and though he conscientiously tried to appear outwardly kind and tender to the wife he thought was dying, she knew that his pretended affection was but a form. The strangest thing of all was, that Isabel was as violently in love as Louis himself. Although she flirted with an older lover, M. du Fresne, her whole heart appeared to be given to Louis, and the couple were inseparable, and the most fascinating pair in France.

* * *

Isabel has a Powerful Rival.

But Isabel, like most other women, found the course of true love destined not to run smoothly. Her great rival was Marguerite de Lustrac, widow of the unfortunate de St. André, who was so foully slain at Dreux. Marguerite was rich, young and amorous. She had a magnificent retinue, composed entirely of cadets of the noblest families in France. Her only daughter she had betrothed to the twelve-year-old son of the Duc de Guise, but, knowing the hatred that Louis bore to the Guises, she determined to win the love of Louis de Bourbon by boasting off her daughter's engagement, and marrying her to Louis's only son. The marriage negotiations for some time brought Louis and Marguerite de Lustrac into daily intercourse. But, to Marguerite's intense chagrin, she absolutely failed to wean Louis from Isabel de Limeuil. However, Marguerite de Lustrac was to have her moments of revenge. In the absence of Louis, she discovered that Isabel was still flirting with Du Fresne "on the sly," and when she reported this to Louis he threw Isabel over like an old hat, and Marguerite de Lustrac finally achieved her ambition of pressing Louis de Bourbon to her breast.

A Disastrous Contretemps at a Court.

However, Marguerite found that her triumph over Louis was due solely to pique. She was probably not very much surprised, therefore, when in less than a couple of months she learned that Louis had returned to Isabel more in love with the dark-eyed coquette than ever. Isabel had sworn that she had broken with du Fresno, and Louis had succumbed once more. But their love-story was destined still to be full of vicissitudes. Queen Catherine set out upon a grand tour of France, and all the great towns in the kingdom turned out to welcome Her Majesty and her magnificent *entourage*. Eventually, the Court arrived at Dijon, and at a great State function Isabel, as a maid-of-honour, was on duty by the side of the Queen, when she was suddenly taken ill, and carried to an ante-chamber, where she gave birth to a son! Louis de Bourbon, of course, did not deny the paternity of the child, but Catherine, not one of the sweetest-tempered of women, was this time beside herself with anger at the shocking occurrence. Although she had winked at the pranks of the members of the Court, she had a fine notion of "keeping one's face," and anything like a public exposure drove her to a condition of anger bordering upon insanity.

* * *

A Passionate Letter to Louis from Isabel.

Isabel was quickly separated from her child, which Louis de Bourbon was allowed to safeguard, while Isabel was sent into "retirement" at the Franciscan convent at Auxonne. Day by day the unfortunate sweetheart of Louis de Bourbon prayed earnestly for justice, and wrote letters of passionate appeal to the Queen and to her lover to secure her deliverance from her bondage. Her only consolation was to know that her son was safe. Louis wrote to her: "I have our son in my hands safe and merry, and certain to live. It is true that they left him at the house of a poor woman who made him lie on straw for six nights like a hound, but if at the beginning those to whom he did not belong treated him like a little dog, I have taken him like a father to bring him up *en prince*. He deserves it, for he is the most beautiful creature that ever man saw." Louis, of course, was eager to do anything to secure his lady-love's freedom. He did make one serious attempt to remove her to the Chateau des Canoux at Vienne, but she still remained in durance vile, and spent her days in bewailing her fate and in "hunger-striking." "Alas, my heart," she wrote to Louis, "have pity upon a poor creature for having loved you more than herself. I am so afraid that my absence has the misfortune to banish me from your good graces, which tortures me more than I can describe. My heart, help me and free me from the position in which I have no more to suffer for the rest of my life."

* * *

Louis de Bourbon Breaks with Isabel Limeuil.

But at last all seemed to come right. Louis's wife died; Isabel regained her freedom, and there was no impediment now to their marriage. But Marguerite de Lustrac remained a dangerous interloper in Louis de Bourbon's life. If her personal charms were not sufficient to secure the love of Louis de Bourbon, she had, she thought, wealth enough to break the bond that existed between him and Isabel de Limeuil. She made him a present of the magnificent Chateau of Valery, near Sens. She gave him a large slice of her little daughter's fortune, and goaded the jealous du Fresno to keep poor Louis constantly reminded of Isabel's former association with him. Then there were Calvin and the Huguenots, always reminding him that he was their one great champion in Europe, and at last, in one great moment of annoyance at the forces that seemed arrayed against him, he wrote to Isabel, breaking off their *liaison*, and at once, in order to safeguard himself, went to the altar with a Mdle. de Longueville. Isabel, of course, was frantic when she heard the news of Louis's marriage, but, however she may have cursed the woman who had married him, she was quickly brought to her senses by the receipt of a note from Prince Louis's new wife, demanding the return of all the jewels and portraits that Louis had presented to her. Isabel de Limeuil quickly disappeared from the Court of France. Her day of glory and love was over. She satisfied her outraged feelings in some measure by marrying a rich Italian financier, with whom she agreed on nothing, and eventually sent him to the devil by her rage and violence. Louis himself only survived his separation from Isabel for three years, but he died, as he had lived, a hero, upon the battlefield of Jarnac!

NEXT WEEK: The Romance of the Duke of Grafton and Nancy Parsons, the tailor's daughter, who "wouldn't leave the Duke alone!"

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1d. & 2d. each



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Here are a few examples of exceedingly stylish models produced by Madame Maude:

607.—A becoming Street Costume—something for present wear. The coat is well over the hips so as to show the lines of the wearer's figure, and the skirt is a comfortable walking length. excellent material for the day.

The Paper Pattern is 1d.

158.—This Raglan Blouse is a great favourite with business girls, being at once neat and distinguished. It looks well in any of the regular blouse stuffs—flannel, wincey, casement cloth, print and so on. Either a plain coloured or fancy striped for preference—material may be used. The pattern is 2d.

592.—Skirts of all the latest types are supplied by Madame Maude. This smart two-piece model is a good example. The lower portion of the front seam is closed with button and buttonhole, so that, when easier stepping room is required, one of the fashionable slits can be produced by simply undoing some or all of the buttons. Paper Pattern 1d.



592. New two-piece Skirt.

No. 165.

Madame Maude has made the flapper a subject of her most careful study during the last few years, and there is no greater living authority on dressing girls of the difficult "between" ages in good taste. This dress is a typical example of her skill; it combines perfect simplicity with a strong element of style, and, when developed in the right material, of a colour suited to the wearer's complexion, nothing could be more pleasing.

Paper Pattern 2d.



165. Smart Raglan Skirt.



165. Becoming Skirt Blouse for Flapper.

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MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

and won her first Rugger international by beating les by 10 points to nine, and the selectors are up against difficult problem now in picking the next team. Probably backs are all right; they had few real chances on Saturday behind hopelessly beaten forwards, so hopelessly ten that one old country captain has described them as

HOW TO CHOOSE RUGBY FORWARDS.

system of choosing the forwards is the cause of what would have been a debacle for English Rugger. It is essential that men in the habit of playing together should places in the pack. Nothing can be worse for a team to have a couple from, say, Durham, two men from Midlands, two from the West, and a couple from London. Styles are dissimilar and it would take many matches all the men playing together to knit them into a monious whole. And there are people who say that of the were wingers, outside Pillman, who is chosen work and because he is perhaps the greatest oppor-

playing to-day. Men with big are accused of not pushing their light in the scrum last Saturday. is up to the selectors now to see t we have the best and the best y in our next contest and, more- r who will not shirk their r but work. Fancy will happen if the Irishmen run over the English forwards, or if typical Scottish back takes charge the time for the historic Calcutta

THE ENGLISH BACKS.

ere are those who say now that N. Lowe, brilliant as he is when sed is wanted, does not like a tch wherein he has to face a tear- team of heavy forwards who have mpled up the opposition. It was a match in which our backs d to play so much on the defensive, the superiority of the Welsh for- ds, that they did not get a chance setting up that best of all defences vigorous attack. In this defence E. Chapman and W. P. Johnston, e full back, were splendid. R. W. nton did many great things, and any bad ones. He is one of those en who can win a match when his le are having the worst of it, but he d not rise to those heights in this one. Poulton cannot be left out

AND THE HALVES.

aylor and Wood, the two Midland have been freely criticised, I think much ink has been ed. Would any halves have ven up to their best form behind a ater "rabble"? I think it is a after for congratulation that they aged as well as they did.

WHY WALES LOST.

Wales lost because they had no yn Nicholls, no Dicky Owen, no rey Bush in their back divisions; sed they lost because their at- s could not take advantage of many chances made for them by rwards. The Welshmen were d by the reputations of the e three-quarters, and played a e game in case an through; hence their failure. e drop goal was the talk e, and it must be admitted e justified in taking the e seeing how lamentably the

Welsh threes were failing in attack. Bancroft was a great back, and was unlucky in the bounce of the ball, when Pillman made his great dash and fell on the ball which had been kicked over the line by one of the English forwards. England won by two placed goals to a placed goal and a dropped goal, ten points to nine, and may again secure the triple crown, but they were lucky to win the first contest. And Wales were unlucky, despite the fact that some of their tactics in the scrum were not quite Rugger, feet up and off-side being too often in evidence. Still, the numerous penalty kicks availed England little.

A STRIKE OF PLAYERS.

We are pretty well used to industrial unrest these days, but cases of professional footballers, "downing tools" are very rare indeed. Such a state of affairs has cropped up in Northern Union circles, a number of Warrington players—most of the first team—having refused to fulfil their engagements, as they were dissatisfied with the optional bonus paid for the holiday matches. The players, of course, have no legal redress as they have broken their agreements, but it will be interesting to see how the matter ends. So far, on account of the strike, Warrington have had to cancel one league fixture, and on the following Saturday, not being able to field a strong side, were soundly trounced.



ODDS ON.

"I bet I'll steal a kiss from you."
"I'll bet you two kisses you can't."

FOUL PLAY IN THE CUP TIES.

An unsavoury record was created in the first round of the Cup-ties, no fewer than four players being ordered off the field for tactics which do not constitute any part of the Football Association rules. Mr. J. Talks, the smallest referee in first-class football, handled the game at New Cross, between Millwall and Chelsea, with admirable judgment. Practically from the beginning it was evident that the players' tempers were overstrung, and after administering two cautions Mr. Talks gave Harrow, the Chelsea left-half, marching orders. This action no doubt kept the other players under. After the match Mr. Talks stated, quite frankly, that he ordered Harrow off for illegal offences against Hall, the Millwall outside-left.

At Nottingham, in the re-play between Clapton Orient and Nottingham Forest, Jonas was ordered off for retaliating when kicked by Mercer. When a man deliberately kicks another he should be sent off the field. In this case the referee did not see the first kick, but the second was given under his notice, and Jonas was promptly sent off.

Why don't referees, when in charge of a League game, follow Mr. Talks's example when the case arises? The only solution one can find is that the knight of the whistle is selected to take charge of a Cup-tie by the Football Association, and in the League matches he is not.

A CURIOUS BOXING DECISION.

When Dick Smith had the decision given against him, in his match with Dennis Hough, at the National Sporting Club last Monday, people rubbed their eyes and wondered had the referee mistaken the men. Dick Smith is the ex-amateur champion, and he boxed beautifully in this, his first important contest as a professional. Using a straight left with marked effect, he sent Hough's head back and made his hair flutter over the curious bald patch on the left of his cranium.

Hough played the rushing, fighting game well enough, and held wind, but in holds, in the approved American style, which is so repugnant to English-boxing men. Smith, in trying to get free from his embrace, got down very low, and was now and then cautioned for getting his head under his opponent's chin. But what was he to do? Be held and punched, or try and get out of trouble?

It was as bad a decision as that which gave Bill Beynon a championship over Digger Stanley, and nearly as bad as that which made Fred Welsh draw with Packy Macfarland a few years ago.

WELLS ON THE UP-GRADE.

Bombardier Wells has started his long climb, which so many of us hope sincerely will end in success. It is a case of Bruce and spider with Billy, and he will do it if his peculiar nervous temperament will allow him to. He beat Gunner Rawles at Belfast comfortably enough, and will beat Pigot on Saturday at Cardiff, and then comes the great match with Blake on March 3rd. I have heard that that may take place at the London Opera House. What a commentary on Mr. Hammerstein's venture!

VETERANS IN THE RING.

A great many old sportsmen went to the Ring the other night to see the undefeated Jack McAuliffe box an exhibition with Dick Burge, and also to see Jem Carney, the great English rival of McAuliffe, who was beating him in that historic battle in America when the ropes were cut. At the same gathering Jem Mace's championship belt was given to Bandsman Blake. I hope the young Norfolk boxer will wear it as worthily as did the old-time champion. We could do with another Mace.

CARPENTIER'S LATEST SUCCESS.

As expected, Georges Carpentier, the French champion, gained another easy victory over Pat O'Keefe at Nice on Monday. Carpentier goes on from victory to victory over our best men, and his list of successes is a very long one. Pat O'Keefe is an aspirant for our middle-weight championship, but lasted less than a couple of rounds against the Frenchman, who boxed in great form, and after out-classing his man, put him to sleep for over a minute. O'Keefe is a good and plucky boxer, but few people expected him to succeed where Bombardier Wells had twice lamentably failed, and particularly as Wells had himself beaten O'Keefe pretty easily a few months ago.

THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is a distinct triumph for the Professional Golf Association that they have been called into consultation by the Championship authorities as to the re-drafting of the rules governing the open competition. In the qualifying rounds will be played on two courses than the one on which the actual contest will take place. One round will be played on each course by evening date, and the hundred best scorers will qualify. and beneficial change indeed.

BARNES, THE BOGEY BOWLER.

Barnes, who must by this time have become a bogey to South African cricketers, has put up a bowling performance, his latest achievement in the matter of ten wickets for 44 runs at Kimberley. enough, he took five wickets for 22 in each innings at Griqualand West side. The M.C.C. gained an unexpected victory—it was again Hobbs's turn to get a century. one begins to wonder if they will return with an unbeaten record. By the way, the Staffordshire League will have another fine bowler in addition to Barnes next season. the Oldfields Club, Uttoxeter, have secured the services of Riley, the Nottinghamshire county cricketer.

THE CHIEF AMONG

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

C. S. R. (Uphall, Linlithgow).—Send stamps for postage of your letters if you want to save it from its natural destination—the W.P.B.

L. A. H. (Ayr).—King George V. is NOT a Freemason.

Arthur G. (Llandudno).—The pay for an assistant wireless operator is about £1 per week, board found. Write to Marconi House, London, W.C.

L. A. (Brighton).—A collapsible penholder such as you suggest is all right, but may collapse at the wrong moment.

V. R. (Nottingham).—The stories you submit are pirated, and find trouble if you continue.

Georgius (Armev).—It's a rotten non-de-plume—gorgeous has been better. Howsoever, we cannot accept your suggestion.

S. J. (Cork).—Yes, we can answer practically any question unsent. The only question we cannot find an answer for is: "Did the dog rattle because the dog ran, or did the dog run because the can rattle?"

Venus (Grimsby).—Whoever told you that you could draw was wrong. It mildly, "pulling your leg." Sketches should be drawn on special drawing paper with Indian ink, and not scribbled on half a sheet of notepaper with a pencil.

T. F. (Tottenham).—The subject is hardly suited to this column. If you will forward stamped envelope we shall be pleased to reply.

Delta (Canterbury).—Sorry, but the subject is too heavy altogether for this paper. We are here to amuse, not to instruct.

TRY YOUR SKILL IN OUR NEW

£4

A WEEK FOR LIFE
COMPETITION.

£4 a week for life is what we are offering in connection with our Football Competition. On the back page of this issue is one of our football competition coupons containing a list of twenty matches played on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914. One of these correctly filled in will carry off our "£4 a week for life" prize. In addition, we offer 10s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct, and 5s. a week for twelve months to the nearest correct whose name and address appear on the coupon successful in securing our first prize. The coupon will also appear in the issue dated Feb. 7th.

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

CLOSING DATE:—

(First Post) FRIDAY, FEB. 6th

Further particulars on back page.

LOLO CHANGES HER MIND.

"How dull you are," grumbled Lolo. "It is raining," said the Man who interested her at the moment. "I don't think!" she said gaily. "Imagine a rose grumbling at the Man lit another cigarette. I find it impossible to place myself in the position of a taxi-cab in a rain-storm. Taxicabs are dear, and umbrellas are the wander-love. . . . and I hate diluted smuts." "Dull," she pouted. "The poet of last week was a fire-artist of the month before like champagne or dew-drops and roses—you retort with umbrellas. Why do you do that? Can't you and tell me dreams of fire?" "a," he said positively. "I lost at the races and I had a nightmare. I was going to make a present of a gold bag if I won. But I lost." "That makes no difference whatever," said Lolo. "Of course I shall get the gold bag. You keep your promises, and I can't be expected to go about a gold bag just because a horse didn't hurry itself. Why did you back the wrong horse? How silly of you. But you are so dull." "You'll get the bag," he said. "So don't scold. Here is a cheque signed. Get the bag you like, and fill in the amount." Lolo pocketed the cheque. "I shall give you another cup of tea now . . . and you squeeze my hand" The Man of the Moment squeezed her hand; it bore three rings he had given her, and some others whose history no one knew very well except Lolo. "Dear little hand," he said. "Lolo's hat was a new and disconcerting one; she carefully brushed his eye clean with the feather. "Two pieces of sugar," she said. "And another of these little cakes. Such lovely little cakes . . . half a one with me, please." He took the proffered half cake and consumed it immediately; Nature had endowed him with a mouth of the trap-species. "You eat like a gull swallowing a fish," she said impatiently. "And you eat like a cat eating a gnat," he retorted. "Do cats eat gnats, I wonder? But tell me something. The Man of the Moment would have liked to scratch his head. "I can't seem to squeeze you," he said. "Do you expect me to turn cartwheels or repeat scale funny stories? I want to amuse you, I want to love you." "I am amused lightly," she said. "But if so, hadn't I better order a plate of marguerites and a plate of cherry stones, and we play 'He loves me, he loves me not.' or 'She loves me, he loves me not,' as the case may be? It would be so funny." "You don't love me. Only one man loves me," he said sharply. "What other man is that?" Lolo giggled nervously; the Man of the Moment was reticent to be somewhat diffident. "You know," she said. "Of course you know . . . you know that I am supposed to." "That was immoral," he jerked out. "A bigger salary I suppose, three inches less skirt" "No," she said firmly. "I ordered such a nice wedding cake, all little flowers and bells, and Cupids and arrows and things . . . wedding cakes are so nice to look at" "You've been playing with me," he said furiously. "Promises . . . promising me things" "Promises don't hurt anyone," she said wisely, "except when they're kept. I never keep the sort of promise I make you . . . they are of puff paste . . . too flaky to cut with the knife. . . ." "I love you," he said heavily. Lolo laughed in his face.

"Love," she said. "I don't think! Now say you have a broken heart! Good Lord, at your age you ought to realise that women are not scarce, nor unique, nor hard to replace. . . ."

The Man of the Moment smiled a little.

"Please don't try to be clever," he said. "It doesn't go with your shoes. Dear Lolo, I hope you will be very happy. If I had not married myself and been through it all, I might have yearned for wedding cake myself. Only one thing I would tell you . . . it is very tasteless stuff when you get it. You can't eat all the little Cupid things—they go away in a glass box, and the rest is stupidity."

Lolo frowned.

"You never told me you were married."

The Man of the Moment smiled.

"You never told me you were engaged."

"What a beastly afternoon," said Lolo. "Look at the rain pouring down."

"Dewdrops," he quoted. "Imagine a rose grumbling at the rain. Dear Lolo . . . you are so quaint. I thought you loved me, and behold, you have ordered a wedding cake."

Lolo scowled into the future.

"I can cancel the order," she said. "I would . . . if you were single. . . ."

The Man of the Moment smiled within his heart.

"Why have a whole wedding-cake, when a pound would do?" he asked. "I could buy a pound."

"You bought your wife a whole cake," said Lolo dismally.

"Years ago," he said, "when you were with the Imps in the Never Never Land, waiting for your call. Lolo . . . let me buy you a pound of wedding cake. Cancel the order. Tear up your engagement ring"

"I haven't got one," she said. "It's only ordered. I—I mayn't like it."

"I'll buy you a ring . . . two rings," he said passionately.

Lolo looked up.

"You hate me?"

He shook his head.

"No, I love you," he said. "More than ever, now I can't get you."

"I wish you weren't married," she murmured. "And I want to go home."

* * *

In the taxi he very deliberately kissed her. Lolo did not struggle. The Man of the Moment was asking her not to be engaged; for his sake, and she wanted to giggle. She knew his wife had been dead ten years, and she knew he was going to tell her about it. C. N.



CUPID TOREADOR.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

There have been merrier times on the Stock Exchange owing to the knowing ones taking advantage of the very low prices at which investment stocks can now be picked up. It is only to be hoped that this turn in the tide will be of a permanent character.

In the last few days a very sharp recovery has occurred in Mexican securities, more especially in the stocks of the Mexican Vera Cruz line.

There have been several rumours accompanying the rally, with talk of an armistice between President Huerta and the rebel commander.

As I have repeatedly pointed out, this stock has been knocked right down in price and has been taken the fullest advantage of by the bears, so that on any likelihood of a satisfactory understanding coming about a rapid spurt can be looked for, part of which we have seen this week.

I would warn readers, however, that rumour is very often a lying jade, and before dealing in Mexican securities investors should make sure that a definite and satisfactory settlement has been arrived at.

By the way Consols fluctuated in price last week one would think they were a stock to gamble in; it is, however, a welcome sign to see Consols two or three points better.

The Home Railway Market has displayed a good tone, with Brighton Deferred, Great Central Pref., and Great Northern Deferred to the fore. I specially favour Great Northern Deferred and Brighton Deferred.

There has been a general improvement among Rubber shares, with a sharp rise of Vallambrosas on a bear squeeze.

A disappointing report has been issued by the Yam Seng Rubber Company, and as no final dividend has been declared the distribution amounts to 12½ per cent. for the year, against 25 per cent. a year ago.

Shareholders in the Cobalt Townsite Company will be somewhat disappointed to learn from the report now in their hands that the much-talked-about "X" vein has not come up to expectations. A final distribution of 7½ per cent., making a total of 37½ per cent. for the year, is a satisfactory dividend, but shareholders have been led to expect much more.

As so many big projects are being talked about in connection with wireless telegraphy, Marconi shares might be worth attention at present prices.

The total revenue of the Marconi Company for 1912 amounted to £540,000, which compared with £215,200 for 1911. It is hoped that the year ended will again show satisfactory progress.

Oils have been one of the quietest markets in the house during the past week.

The price of Shells is better, and Venezuelan Oil Concessions have again been actively on the up-grade owing to further good news coming to hand from the property.

Among mines a fair amount of attention continues to be devoted to Russian descriptions, and Russo-Asiatics have now risen to £5 buyers.

Although the strong hand taken by the South African Government has brought about a quick settlement of the strike trouble, conditions of the South African and Rhodesian Market are extremely idle.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

It is quite within the bounds of near possibility that prices will advance until 4 per cent. will be in the money on Trustee Securities.

At the present time it can be done, and I expect further selection of Gilt-Edged Investments:—

	£	s.	d.
India Government 3 per cent. Stock	@ 78½	yields 4	1 6
Port of London 3½ per cent. Stock	@ 85	yields 4	3 2
Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway 3 per cent. Preference	@ 75	yields 4	0 0
Metropolitan 3½ per cent. "A" Preference	@ 79½	yields 4	10 6

Any reader requiring advice how to buy or requiring the name of a stockbroker, should write to me.

BRIEF REPLIES.

Lady Reader (Glasgow).—It is almost impossible to sell Rubber Shares at the present time, and as this Company's liabilities I would advise you to hold for better times in the future.

T. T. (Preston).—Do not sell your Rhodesian Central Shares. This Company only requires a little more capital to develop a valuable mine, but owing to the unsatisfactory condition of South Africa during the last few months it has been of little interest to the public.

F. H. (Leeds).—The company you enquire about are doing well and although they are having a very hard fight through lack of capital with the increasing business my opinion is that they will come out all right.

Speculator.—Do not have anything to do with Russian Mining in fact you would be well advised to leave the mining market at present time, and rather turn your attention to Oils or one of the industrial shares.

Ambitious (London).—I think you might do well in buying Shares at present prices.

Novice (Hertford).—I think you have been had, but can get your money back by selling the shares before they go down.

S. J. (Wimbledon).—Your money would be safer in Home Shares than in Foreign Shares. Mexican Deferred, Mexican Preferred, Brighton Deferred or Great Northern Deferred. Mexican Deferred is low, but they have had a sharp advance this week of 10 points, and if you have made up your mind to buy this stock advise you to wait for a few days, as I think you will see again in the price. Then buy the Second Pref. Stock.

The Financial Editor will be pleased to answer any queries by post on receipt of P.O. for Sixpence, or by One Shilling.

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DAMAGED GODS.

(A Revue).

Last night I dreamt a strange dream. I know not whether it was the wine, the perfume of the flowers, the queers, or the black coffee, that was the cause of it. In my dream, actors, authors, pedlars, parsons, clerks, novelists, financiers smoking big cigars, politicians with their carpet bags, insurance agents with their prospectuses, and hosts of others, were assembled at the Gates of Paradise. They moved about just as if they were on a cinema film.

Bernard Shaw, surrounded by angels, was reading a paper on "G.B.S. and the Social Problem." None of them evinced much interest; perhaps that was because they did not really understand our beloved Bernard.

In a corner, Gaby Deslys, attired in an even more daring costume than she used to wear on earth, was displaying her legs to a naughty little cherub, who merely laughed and exclaimed: "You're bandy!"

She covered up her petits pieds, and hurried off in a puff.

George R. Sims was pouring Tatcho on the head of a little bald-headed angel, and as he rubbed it in with both hands, there immediately grew a crop of hair, which reached down to the poor little mite's knees.

He dropped the bottle in horror, and ejaculated: "Lor! You're the first on whom it has had any effect. Let me have your photo to send down to earth as an advertisement."

Gertie Millar smiled an odol-like smile, and all the little angels put their thumbs in their mouths, murmuring: "Isn't she pretty!"

Mr. Walter Emanuel was telling one of his latest jokes. "Good heavens!" they yelled. "Some one told us that his bogus telegrams fared no better."

"Why," they shouted, "with the Government running the Post Office, a topical joke like that would be out of date before it reached its destination."

G.K.C. stood on his head, juggling with a lot of little bits made to represent the world.

"I can put more than one world right at a time," he said, in a reply to repeated inquiries.

Paderewski, on the top of whose head perched a grotesque little cloth cap, tried to charm the little angels with a Sonata of Beethoven.

Marie Lloyd was holding forth on "How to bring up Elinor Glyn was reading a chapter from one of her unpublished novels.

In Mr. Gordon Craig's hair the little birds of Paradise were beginning to make their nests.

Mr. Lloyd George was tempting an angel with a man-of-war wurzel. Having failed, he tried one of his fairy stories about capital and labour; which caused roars of laughter.

Redmond conferred with Carson in a corner; but all I heard was—"trumped."

"I longed to speak, and explain that, after all, on earth they had only been mortals. When suddenly, Peter slammed the door, and shouted: "To H— with all of you!"

RALPH HOLBROOK-KEEN.

It doesn't matter much if a woman loses her hearing, but she loses her voice—well, that is a different story.

* * *

A woman's clothes are always on her mind—even when on her back.

* * *

Is the high cost of beef due to the enormous quantity of real it takes to feed the prodigal sons?

* * *

Many a man who has the cheek to raise whiskers doesn't even try it.

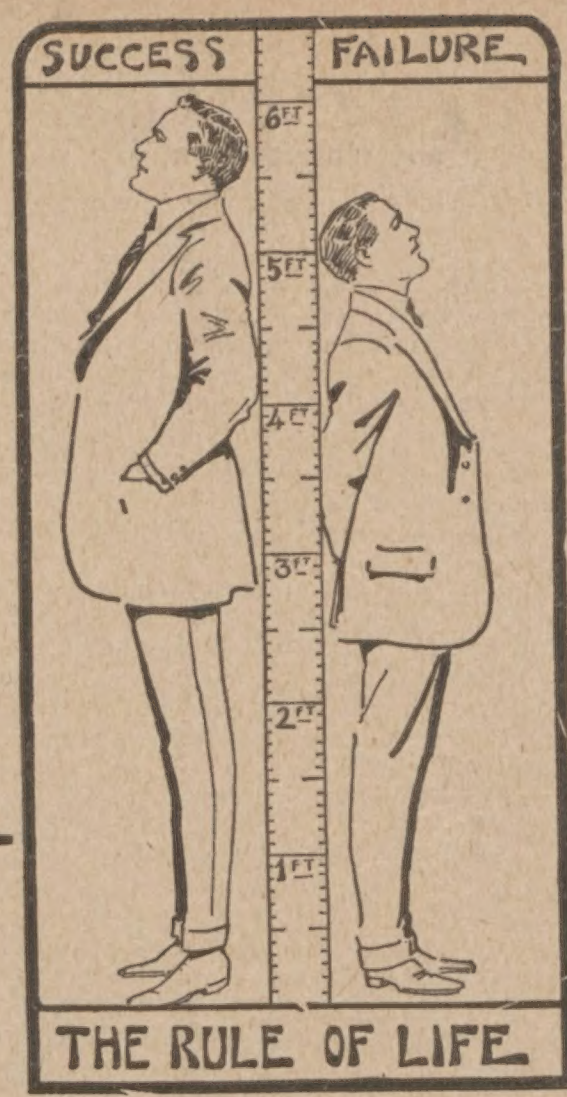
* * *

The more birthdays a woman has celebrated the easier it is for her to forget in what year she was born.

* * *

Many a man's conscience lies in a state of innocuous desuetude until his wife begins to sit up and take notice.

* * *



It does not seem fair that a short man should have fewer opportunities of succeeding than a tall man, but it is a fact.

There are many things in life that do not seem fair. It is useless for us to grumble about them. What we have to do is to remedy matters as far as we can.

If a man sits down and grumbles because he is short, he is wasting time. What he ought to do is to increase his height.

This **can** be done by my system. The testimonials I am constantly receiving from my students prove it.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

Such testimony counts for more than any general assertions that I could make. The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers. Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,
Specialist in the Increase of Height,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

No matter how moderate the sport may have been during the early Winter, the publication of the entries for the Grand National is always looked forward to with interest by a sport-loving public. Right from its institution, as far back as 1839, in which year a syndicate of sportsmen started the race under the title of the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, the Grand National has been immensely popular with the masses; indeed, its popularity is second only to that of the Derby. Simultaneously with the appearance of the nominations for this year's race, there has been a great improvement in the racing. Several horses entered at Aintree have been sent out, and their form is watched with interest.

Taken all round, the entry is quite satisfactory, both as regards numbers—sixty-two—and quality. With one or two exceptions, the pick of our cross-country horses have been nominated, and it is pleasing to note that the names of half a dozen French horses appear in the list. The most famous invader entered is, of course, Lutteur III., winner of the race, at his first attempt, when a five-year-old in 1909. Covertcoat, who won last year, is again nominated, so that two past winners can again compete on March 27th. In addition to Covertcoat, Sir C. Assheton-Smith has entered Irish Mail, last year's runner-up, and with this pair—the only two to negotiate the difficult country without coming to grief last March—he holds a very strong hand. Irish Mail has run with distinction on more than one occasion since then, and Covertcoat, judging by his recent display at Hurst Park, is still as splendid a fencer as ever. Little attention need to be paid to the form of Covertcoat in finishing second to Carrigrue at Hurst, as the horse was not at his best in point of condition, and Gore is probably timing his preparation for Liverpool.

King George has nominated Twelfth Lancer, a greatly improved horse, of whom Mr. Whitaker, his trainer, is said to hold a very high opinion. Twelfth Lancer has

twice been successful over the Aintree country, on the second occasion his form in winning the Steeplechase from some crack performers, was good. I understand that their Majesties will see him as guests of Lord Derby.

While mentioning Lord Derby, it is worthy that the head of Stanley House has two very good candidates in Carrigrue, who showed improved form in beating Covertcoat, when in receipt of the Axle Pin. The latter, it will be recalled, was third to Jerry M and Bloodstone a couple of years ago. Mr. P. Whitaker has charge of Twelfth Lancer, Carrigrue and Axle Pin, and the Royston trainer will, doubt, play a big part in the race, as Lord Rory O'More and Great Cross, other nominations, hail from that quarter.

Three meetings are down for decision this year, Nottingham occupying the first two days, Wednesday and Thursday, and Windsor Friday and Saturday.

At Nottingham on Monday, Sensitive Symons the Annesley Maiden Hurdle, Wavylace the Steeplechase, and Thaddeus the Harrington Hurdle. On the second day, the Nottingham Handicap Steeplechase should fall to Kilwillie, Colwick Handicap Hurdle to Cross Baby, and the Selling Hurdle to Royal Jester.

The Brighton Handicap Steeplechase on the day at Plumpton may be won by Sentry, the Handicap Hurdle by Jack Pot, and the Brookside Chase by Little Brother. On Thursday, Blind should win the Streat Handicap Hurdle, Hopeful Hurdle, and Flaxen the New Year's Chase.

At Windsor, on Friday, Moscato may atone for disappointments by taking the Eton Handicap. Finnigan should win the Datchet Handicap Steeplechase, and Agnes M the Suffolk Amateur Steeplechase. Castle Handicap, on Saturday, may fall to Lamplighter, the Five-Year-Old Maiden Steeplechase to Schoolboy, and the Club Steeplechase to Closheen.

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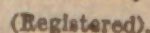
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Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer questions concerning any problem in this envelope. A prompt reply should be received.

If you are fat send to me. Some people spend pounds in curing their obesity. Obesity is a disease, sometimes a dangerous one, but I will send you full particulars of a cure recommended by eminent physicians for P.O. 1/- only.—503, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.



Our New Competition!

£4

a Week for

LIFE

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, Feb. 7th, 1914, and for the prize of £4 a week for life you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw in name of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasures or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

Conditions Governing the Competition.

- (1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.
- (2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 6, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, February 6th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.
- (3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.
- (4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.
- (5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.
- (6) In the event of a tie or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.
- (7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.
- (8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.
- (9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.
- (10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 6.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 7th, 1914. Cross out in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

BURNLEY
DERBY COUNTY
ASTON VILLA
NEWCASTLE
TOTTENHAM
PRESTON
MANCHESTER CITY
BURY
FULHAM
HULL
BRADFORD
BARNLEY
LEICESTER
NOTTS COUNTY
CARDIFF
MILLWALL
SWINDON
EXETER CITY
MERTHYR
WEST HAM

v. OLDHAM ATHLETIC
v. BLACKBURN
v. WEST BROMWICH
v. BOLTON
v. MANCHESTER UNITED
v. CHELSEA
v. BRADFORD CITY
v. WOOLWICH
v. STOCKPORT
v. BIRMINGHAM
v. GLOSSOP
v. GRIMSBY
v. LEEDS
v. CLAPTON
v. COVENTRY
v. NORWICH
v. CRYSTAL PALACE
v. WATFORD
v. SOUTHAMPTON
v. PLYMOUTH

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter this Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

ONE X ALL

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